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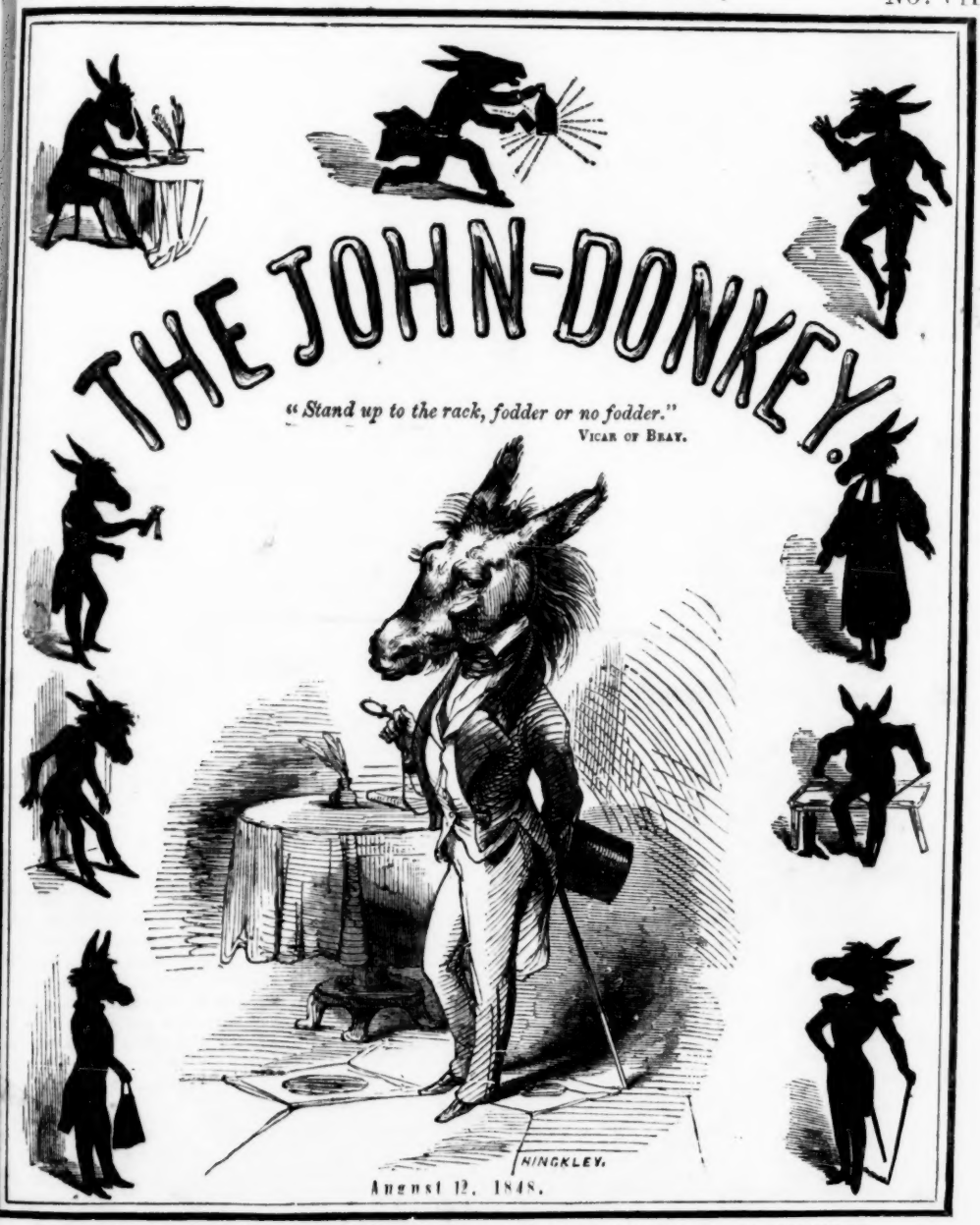

August 12, 1848.

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Business cards of three lines, for one month, inserted for One Dollar in advance.

Terms of payment, CASH.

THE CLOTHING EMPORIUM.

Come ye who would be cheaply clad
And yet with elegance appear,
No greater garments can be had
Than those of *Harkness*, far or near.

Where Fourth Street Market intersects,
The *South-east corner* is the place,
And there whatever your taste selects,
Will be supplied with *fitting* grace.

All kinds and styles may there be found
Of coat, or waistcoat, pantaloon,
Or neckcloth pretty; and we're bound
To please you well, and please you soon.

All ages and professions there
May robe themselves in proper state;
All sizes, tall or short or spare,
And always at the cheapest rate;
So come and see—we're sure you'll buy,
'Tis all we ask, that you but try.

CHARLES HARKNESS.
128 Market street, S. E. corner Fourth.

C. H. Sole agent for the sale of R. Heinisch's premium Tailors' shears, trimmers and ladies' Scissors.
june 24 tf

SHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP.—THE

PROPRIETOR respectfully offers his Original Pulmonic Syrup to the Public, as a cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Palpitation of the Heart, and Scrofula. It has succeeded in cases where all other remedies had failed, and the Proprietor conscientiously believes, from its great success, that it is the best remedy for these diseases ever discovered.

The elements of which this Syrup is composed, are simple herbs and roots, the medicinal properties of which purify the blood, strengthen the system, and give a healthy tone to the lungs and digestive organs. Its operation upon the system is mild, yet efficacious; it loosens the phlegm, which creates so much difficulty when tight; it relieves the cough, it assists nature to expel from the system all diseased matter, by expectoration—which, if retained, produces Consumption—it ripens the matter in an abscess or tubercle, and then causes its expulsion from the system, at the same time healing the irritated parts, healing the laceration, making a healthy part—it regulates the bowels without the aid of other purgative medicines; it allays the most troublesome coughs without injuring the system, as it does not contain any mercury, calomel, opium, or any deleterious drug whatever; for where ever it has been used it invariably produces happier results than any other remedy, and by its great healing properties, restores, in the majority of cases, the sufferer to health.

PREPARED BY J. H. SCHENCK,

AND FOR SALE AT HIS PRINCIPAL OFFICES,
No. 32 SOUTH SIXTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
One door below the corner of Chestnut St.;

At No. 4 Courtland Street, New York City,

A FEW DOORS BELOW BROADWAY;
CORNER OF GAY AND BALTIMORE STS.,
(*Sun Buildings Baltimore.*)
AND REDDING & CO.,
No. 8 STATE STREET, BOSTON
And by all respectable Druggists in the United States.
Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. je 11 tf

IN THIS WARM WEATHER, WHEN ALL TOGETHER

Are grumbling and growling about the heat, and what not; a large number of fancy citizens are going about as cool as ice houses. Whence is this? The happy folks are clad in ventilation gossamer clothes—airy as cobwebs, and tough as some folks' consciences. They have been to the great World's Convention at

THE PHILADELPHIA WARDROBE,
105 Chestnut Street,

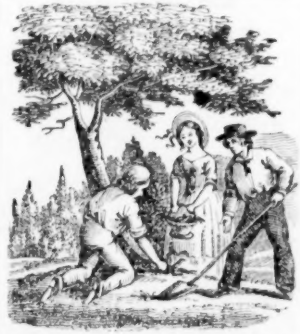
BENEATH THE FRANKLIN HOUSE.

The session of this Convention is conducted with unparalleled harmony, and the amount of business done is immense. The President, P. R. M'NEILLE, assisted by numerous Vice Presidents, presides with great efficiency; and the Treasurer is kept constantly busy with receiving money. The Delegates to this Convention are in fits of delight, and have unanimously consented to nominate P. R. M'NEILLE, as

GENERAL TAYLOR

of the United States. If every one of the one hundred thousand patrons of the Philadelphia Wardrobe should vote for him—P. R. M'NEILLE will prove a most troublesome rival to Whigs and Democrats.

We are happy to say that at this Convention all sets of Delegates are received, and no party men's money is accounted just as good as any body's money. This magnanimity is highly extraordinary. july 1 tf



"O TEMPORA! O MORES!"—CAU-

TION to the Public.—The only genuine "Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry," has the written signature of the general agent, Mr. M. SPEAR, on the outside wrapper surrounding each bottle; this is believed to be the only article, bearing the above title, as emanating from the Doctor. The virtue of Wild Cherry, for relieving affections of the Lungs, and that all important organ, the Liver, has long enjoyed the confidence of domestic practice.

City of Philadelphia, SS—William M. Spear, of the City of Philadelphia, being duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is in the possession of the original receipt for preparing a Balsam of Wild Cherry, for Affections of the Lungs, which was given to him by Dr. Wistar, a regularly educated physician, and that he believes it to be the only one in possession of any person except the said Dr. Wistar himself.

W. M. SPEAR.

Sworn and subscribed before me, and city seal affixed, on the 1st day of November, A. D. 1847.

JOHN SWIFT, Mayor.

A copyright of the Balsam is secured.

Absurd as it may appear in the face of the above undeniable proof, an individual from Boston, Mass., recently applied to the United States District Court of Pennsylvania for an injunction on the general Agent for the United States and the British Provinces, to prevent said Agent from selling the only genuine Dr Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, (said individual claiming the right!) Of course the Hon. Judge of said Court promptly refused it.

The Balsam is not one of the quack nostrums of the day, claiming to cure persons whose cases are beyond the reach of medicine; for restoring others to life; it only claims, and has proved in thousands of cases, to be the first most efficacious and only genuine preparation of Wild Cherry of the nineteenth century, for affections of the Lungs, Liver and Kidneys, frequently terminating in consumption, ever offered to the public.

A liberal discount to druggists and country dealers. Look well to the marks of the genuine.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.—I have this day appointed T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 132 North Second street, Philadelphia, Wholesale Furnishing Agents for the only (only genuine) Dr Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, for the following States, viz: New York, New England States, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia.

Also, for the interior of Pennsylvania. All orders for the Balsam will hereafter be addressed to them.

Also, for sale, wholesale and retail, by WILLIAM M SPEAR, No 146 Vine street, below Fifth, Philadelphia, General Agent for the United States and the British Provinces, for the (only genuine) Dr Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. WM M SPEAR.

Philadelphia, March 25th, 1848.

AGENTS—Cuthbert & Wetherill, 76 South Second street; Wetherill & Brothers, South East corner Front and Arch; Zieber & Co. 3 Ledger Building; J & W Penfold & Co, New York; A McClure & Co, Albany, N Y; Dr Herrick & Co, Albany, N Y; John F Prescott, Troy, N Y; Charles Doer, Jr, Providence, R I; Redding & Co, Boston, Mass; Mrs F Kidder, Boston, Mass; James Green, Worcester, Mass; D Smith, Jr & Co, Worcester, Mass; H & J Brewer, Springfield, Mass; G W Webb & Co, Hartford, Ct; J Gish and Co, Lancaster, Pa; Dr A H Barnitz, York, Pa; Reynolds and Co, Leesville, N C; John L Kidwell, Georgetown, D C; Alex Duval, Richmond Va.

Price $1 per bottle—six bottles for $5. §

SHARE IN A COUNTRY PAPER, WANTED.

The Advertiser, for a long time, prominently connected with the press of our principal cities, and desirous of a country residence, offers to make a connection with some country journal, in the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland or New York.—His literary and editorial position is undoubted; and his connections would render his accession a valuable one, to almost any journal. He offers his editorial services and his facilities for increasing its patronage as an equivalent for a share of the paper. The amount of patronage now given to the journal, is not much of an object. Letters, post-paid, containing a brief exposition of the affairs of any journal whose proprietor would like to form such an arrangement, will be looked upon as confidential, and treated with immediate attention. Address,—John Smith, the elder,—care of G. B. Zieber & Co, City of Philadelphia. june 17 tf

[The editors and publishers of the John Donkey, are acquainted personally and by reputation, with the gentleman who advertises above. His proposition would be a highly advantageous one to any party who may accept it; as, in addition to his ability and reputation, he has the greatest facility for controlling a large amount of city advertising.]

MILLER & NEEDHAM, HAIR CUTTING,

Shaving and Shampooing Saloon, 38 North Fourth Street, north of the Merchants' Hotel, Philadelphia.

Shaving, Hair Cutting and Shampooing executed in the most fashionable and neatest manner at this establishment, and every attention given for the convenience and accommodation of patrons. Particular attention paid to the cutting of Children's hair. je 17 3m

THE NEW REPUBLIC OF CONEY ISLAND.

CERTAIN people have been making themselves very busy about the new republic—but as yet very little is really known about it. Indeed, with the exception of the leading fact, that it is on the southern borders of our territory, ready to be annexed, (although grave doubts have been expressed whether it is worth an X,) people are absolutely ignorant of its location. As usual, it becomes our duty to enlighten mankind—it being generally our heavy fortune to bear up against not only our own stupidity, but that of all the rest of the world. We are actually sometimes amazed, considering the circumstances, to think how smart we are!

On the present occasion, however, we have assistance upon which we can rely. The following graphic, geographic and topographic letter, from a young gentleman whose mother don't know he's out, has just been received by the Off-and-On telegraph, and kindly submitted to our inspection:

"REPUBLIC OF CONEY ISLAND,
August 7, 1848.

"My Dear Mamma—

"I have now been decimated in this delightful terraqueous paradise for upwards of several days; and I now take my pen in hand for the purpose of inveighing to you some idea of the glories of this place. But I know not where to begin. Shall I titillate your risibilities with a description of the gorgeous and verdant scenery that spreads its congenial shades around, or eclecticize you with a picture of the condescending goddesses and nerieds that inhabit this favored shore!

"But the most surprising thing in this island is the immense numbers of fashionable people who resort here, and the charming freedom of manners that prevails, especially among the ladies. I had not been here an hour before I was surrounded by upwards of a dozen of the most beautiful and splendidly dressed ladies that I ever laid my eyes on. They came smiling and dancing about me, and invited me to go in a bathing with them, and acted like a parcel of Eclipses on the infatuated island of Ulysses. I felt quite dashed when I got into the water, and these delicate little creatures began playing and splashing around me like any thing. And then one of them handed me a bottle and asked me to take a suck, just as familiar as if I'd been her twin brother. Supposing, of course, that it was nothing short of nectarine, I put it to my lips—but, gracious me! if it wasn't first rate New England rum!

"By and bye, when I went to come out of the water, one of my playful companions had put on my pantaloons, and I being rather thin, as you know, dear mother, they had got busted out behind, and ——— oh, I can't go on! *Such* a sight was never seen *before*. After a hearty laugh all round, one of the ladies lent me one of her petticoats, and arm-in-arm we took a perambulation around the island, to view the wonders of the vegetable creation, which are spread out with a luxuriant hand on every side. Here verdant valleys, crowned with vine-covered sarsaparillas, extending into magniloquent palaces surrounded with banditti, and breathing the purfume of immense parties of flowers, relieve the eye and intoxicate the senses; while the innumerable forms of the ladies, and the gay laugh of happy innocence, speak of life and happiness and immorality within. Such, dear mamma, is the new republic of Coney Island, which the great JOHN DONKEY is about annexing to his immense dominions; and here I have raised my ebenezer, and mean to hang out while my money lasts.

"Your affectionate son,

"HEZEKIAH JENKINS."

Whether this is JENKINS of the Morning Post, or not, of course we have no means of ascertaining, save those inherent evidences of style which we literary men alone can estimate the value of. Our present conviction, however, is that it is—although perhaps it isn't. At all events, we can assure Our Subscriber that we don't care a —— clam, whether it is or not.

MAINTAINING OUR PRINCIPLES.

Some editors pretend to one set of principles, and advocate another—others seem to have no principles at all; while, with a great majority of the remainder, the principal is subordinate to interest.

We belong to neither of these classes. Having made a profession of indecency and rascality, we intend to abide by it. We stand on the broad platform of editorial iniquity; and as a scoundrel of the deepest dye, we will live and die.

As to our claims to indecency, we refer proudly to the recent numbers of our paper, and challenge comparison with the smuttiest of our cotemporaries. Not even the political press itself can offer more unquestionable evidences of obscenity and immorality than weekly disgrace the columns of the JOHN DONKEY. Even the Advocate of Moral Reform grows pale with envy before the unblushing licentiousness of our columns.

In respect to hypocrisy, double-dealing, defrauding our employees, &c. &c., we confess with a feeling of humiliation, that we have thus far been somewhat deficient. There are several journals whose proprietors surpass us in these eminent virtues; but having made arrangements with the most accomplished villain connected with the press of P..iladelphia, to take lessons in these important requirements, we expect in a few weeks to come out strong in these particulars, and to swindle all parties in the most scientific and painless manner.

With these pledges for the future, we fling our banner to the breeze, and, to adopt the strong and decided language of General TAYLOR, we "ask no favors, and shrink from no responsibility."

We shall, in a few weeks, publish the name of our instructor in newspaper rascality, so that the community may be perfectly convinced that we are in earnest in what we have promised.

PLEASURES OF PUBLIC PLACES.

Getting very much interested in a new piece, while seated behind two blackguards, who talk so loud that you cannot hear a word uttered on the stage.

A favorite singer comes out, and a fellow at your right accompanies her with a hum obligato, so perseveringly that you cannot tell if he or she be out of key.

When a young actress of your acquaintance, for whom you have a good feeling, comes on the stage, to hear two noted rakes, each larger than you are, speculating on the size of her leg.

Seeing the pit in an uproar, you echo their cry of "Boots." Tbeir shouts grow fiercer, and so do yours. In the midst of your greatest exertion you discover that you are the object of their malediction, having, in a moment of abstraction, thrust your foot over the edge of the box.

The box being very crowded, you attempt to get at your pocket handkerchief, but put your hand in the pocket of your neighbor. He starts, and you apologise. In a few minutes you hear a voice which you think to have heard before, cautioning some one to beware of pick-pockets.

THE SQUABBSES AT CAPE MAY.

CHAPTER VI.

ARAMINTA ANGELINA was of course inconsolable at the defection of her lover, and the next morning, after the all-but fatal occurrences which we have narrated, informed her doting mamma that Cape May was the most disagreeable place she had ever seen, and that she wouldn't stay in it another day. The voice of an only daughter generally being omnipotent in a small family, preparations were accordingly made at once for returning to town. The broken-hearted ARAMINTA, with that beautiful recklessness which characterises disappointed love, left the solemn responsibilities of packing, to her mother, and arrayed herself in her most spotless white lawn, for the purpose of paying her farewell calls. These were not likely to be very extensive; as the SQUABBSES belonged to that nondescript class in society whose vulgarity is even more intense than their stupidity, and whose ignorance is quite as ostentatious as their wealth. There *is* a point—although we confess it is seldom found—at which even money fails to redeem the social position of the booby and the ignoramus. And so—although Mr. SQUABBS had brought down his own wines, (imported by himself,) and talked incessantly about the *shef dovers* by the old masters with which his town mansion was emhellished—and although Mrs. SQUABBS had transported her lap-dog and two Canary-birds, together with her velvet rocking-chair and a multitude of *et ceteras*, ridiculous the instant they leave the parlor or the boudoir—yet for all this, they were only laughed at by the knowing-ones, and treated with frigid indifference by nearly all with whom they came in contact. Miss ARAMINTA, therefore, although heiress to one undivided half of the wholesale and retail grocery store, and the family fixtures, had not attracted the attention of the desperate rakes and broken-down fortune-hunters about the Island. The little episode with SMIGGINS was quite a god-send to the romantic young lady, and its abrupt and ludicrous termination had made her and her family, (much to the delight of the dutiful H. GRANVILLE,) the laughing-stock of the whole company.

It was necessary, however, to have *somewhere* to call, and so a temporary compromise had been effected by Mr. SQUABBS with the family of a faded dandy, who owed him a considerable sum for chipped-beef and candles, and who maintained a kind of equivocal title to the honor of public contempt by starving at home on shin-bones and hasty-pudding, so that his wife and daughters might flutter through Chestnut street in gaudy hats and flaring ribbons, and he smoke Esperanzas on the steps at Jones's. Conscientiously opposed to work, Mr. LADYKILLER managed to subsist, himself, and his domestic forces, heaven knows how, but pr.ncipally by frequently changing his quarters, and getting into the neighborhood of a new set of tradesmen. A year or two before the time at which our history commences, Mr. LADYKILLER had taken a house in the neighborhood of Mr. SQUABBS's family grocery and provision store, and of course the amiable SQUABBS had "suffered some." After exhausting every means, possible and impossible, for the purpose of extracting the sunbeam cash out of the cucumber LADYKILLER, the baffled SQUABBS had paid his costs and given over the pursuit. The LADYKILLERS had shortly afterwards emigrated to some new neighborhood, to commence fresh depredations upon the unsuspecting, and SQUABBS had even forgotten his loss, and lost all memory of his slippery debtor, until he was forcibly reminded of both by meeting the redoubtable LADYKILLER, wife and daughters, wallowing majestically through the sand, on their way to the beach.

The result was, that past differences were made up, and an intimacy commenced between the two families, which was a great relief to the isolated SQUABBS, and a real blessing to the attenuated LADYKILLERS. The latter boarded at the Atlantic, while SQUABBS patronized Ludlum's. But every day saw some of the members of the two families together. Now the magnificent Mr. LADYKILLER condescended to drink a bottle of Mr. SQUABBS's Chateau Lafitte, and anon Mrs. L. and her daughters were chatting together of the fashions and the approaching hop, at the Kursall—or the two fond mammas were proudly commenting upon the perfections of their respective darlings.

Of course an eternal and undying friendship had at once sprung up between the young ladies—it always does; although we never happened to meet with one of these everlasting attachments over three months old. The only regret, therefore, that the gentle ARAMINTA felt on leaving the horrid Island, was the separation from her dear friends, EMMELINE MONTAGU and SOPHONISBA: and upon them her farewell call was now to be made.

At Cape May, as we suppose everybody is aware, there is but one place where everybody goes. You call at any house on the Island, and ask for anaybody you please, and the chances are that the answer will be, "he's up at Barrett's." In fact, everybody is always "up at Barrett's"—and some of them devilish hard up, too! But Miss SQUABBS was innocent of all this; and, therefore, with her neat "P. P. C." in hand, she rung the bell at the Atlantic, and inquired of the

shining African genie whom its tintinnabulation summoned to her presence—

"Are the Misses LADYKILLER at home?"
"N-no, marm, n-not 'zactly at home."
"Can you tell me where they are?"
"Wal, I spec day is up at Barrett's."

THE GREAT QUESTION OF THE AGE.

During the last twenty-five years there have been various great questions of the age, such as—who struck BILLY PATTERSON? Will saltpetre explode? Where is that Hat? Do snakes hiss? and others almost as momentous. But all these have now given way to the absorbing inquiry—

DOES FANNY KEMBLE WEAR WHATYECALLEMS WHEN SHE GOES A-HUCKLEBERRYING?

On this great question public opinion is of course greatly divided, and the press is taking sides, as its interests or the consciences of its conductors prompt. The Lenox (Mass.) Advertiser, which is printed on the spot, and of course ought to know, asserts positively that the lady actually *does* promenade daily over the hills of Berkshire, arrayed in pantaloons, frock-coat and dicky; but strangely enough, the Advertiser neglects to inform us whether the lady assumes this costume for the purpose of climbing the fences or picking cherries. Our own opinion is that the object of the great tragedian is huckleberries, and nothing else. It is well known that she always manages to be a huckleberry over every body's else persimmon; and we cannot doubt for a moment that this rehearsal of the *role* of the walking lady has some mysterious connection with her reappearance on the stage.

THE PROVERB COME TRUE.

That great man who once told a little one, "Go home, G——d d——n you, where you belong!" is now a striking and practical illustration of the truth of the old proverb—"Curses are like chickens, and always come home to roost."

THE COMPOSITION OF PARTIES.

A Western (Whig) paper has the following announcement:

"The Legislature of Wisconsin adjourned to see a caravan which was on exhibition in Madison. They are nearly all Locofocos—that is, the Legislature, not the animals in the caravan."

Of course, then, the editor assumes that the latter, elephants, tigers, hyenas, zebras, wild hogs, monkeys and all, are Whigs. If true, we wish him joy of his party. But Mr. DONKEY cannot permit this slander, because it is the effusion of an over-zealous partisan, who reminds one of the celebrated scene of "the monkey poking straws at the elephant." Mr. DONKEY, in his quadrupedal capacity, was at one time a member of a "carrywan." The animals were as much divided in their politics as their biped keepers and spectators. In a few things, however, they were unanimous. Amongst these were a bitter hatred of those in office, (the keepers,) and when feeding time approached, an universal rear, bellow, scream and chatter, and an intense looking out and struggle for the "spoils."

GREAT LITERARY CRASH.

We learn that a row of shelves, accupying one side of the publishing house of our friend WILEY, broke down on Saturday, with a tremendous crash, which startled the clerks from their afternoon naps, and made the worthy publisher himself look up from his ledger. The cause of the catastrophe was, however, explained upon an examination of the smashed premises. It appears that a new porter, not yet acquainted with the specific gravity of the various American authors, had imprudently piled the entire edition of POE's new poem "Eureka," upon these shelves. It is ouly wonderful, considering the immense ponderosity of the burden, that not only the shelves, but the whole building did not come to the ground. The book has already "brought down" the critics, and it will be strange indeed if it doesn't do as much for the publisher.

P. S.—We learn that the Canal Bank of Albany has applied for the remainder [!] of the edition of "Eureka," to serve as "dead-weight" in that prosperous institution.

THE WHINE-PRESS.

JOHN DONKEY likes temperance, but he hates its intemperate advocates. He is very fond of a bottle of champagne, but he wont have anything to do with the whine-press. Therefore he can't exchange with the Coldwater Cataract and Total Abstinence Cascade.

UNREASONABLE GRUMBLING.

A correspondent complains of the fact that some of the officers of the Pennsylvania Regiment go about in uniform, though discharged from the service. The complaint is a silly one, for perhaps they can't find a tailor to trust them for a new suit.

COMING OVER.

It will be gratifying news to our numerous readers to learn that Mr. MACREADY, who has been for so many years obstinately bent upon resuscitating the drama in Great Britain, has given up the Ghost, (in Hamlet) and is coming over to our side. We hope he will give a new spirit to the stage.

TOM THUMB;

A TRAGICAL TRAGEDY TRAGICALLY TRAGEDIFIED.

Written, conjointly and consecutively, by

THE GREAT AND GOOD JOHN DONKEY,

AND

THE GHOST OF SIR JOHN FIELDING.

THIS WORK IS INSCRIBED WITH THE PROFOUNDEST RESPECT,

TO HIM

Who possesses the regard and confidence
of
His admiring countrymen;
Whose civic abilities
Are only equalled
By his great military talents;
The wonder of whose achievements
Has aroused the attention of
Mankind,
And set the North River
On Fire—
And with feelings of the most
Sublime Emotion,
This production is dedicated to

THE MAN WHO STRUCK BILLY PATTERSON,

By his humble admirers,
The Authors.

Characters of the Tragedy.

King Arthur	Mr. Polk.
Tom Thumb	Gen. Cass.
Merlin	" J. Donkey.
Noodle	Mr. Tilden.
Doodle	" Cambreleng.
Lord Grizzle	" J. Van Buren.
Ghost	" M. Van Buren.
Courtiers	Anybody.
Queen Dollalolla	Mrs. Ritchie.
Huncamunca	" Benton.
Glumdalca	" Cave Johnson.
Frizaletta	" Smith.
Plumante	" Brown.
Ladies	Everybody.

ACT I.—Scene I.—*Nassau Street, near Tammany Hall.—Enter Noodle, on one side, and Doodle on the other.—They bow first, then embrace.*

Doodle.

I'm very glad to see thee, dearest Noodle!

Noodle.

Likewise the same to thee, thou upright Doodle.
But why so dull, so doleful, and so dumpy?
Hast thou, then, lost a precious lot of stumpy?
Speak, if thou lovest thy friend; he'll put thee through,
If money can—so speak, my Doodle, do!

Doodle.

To-day the mighty Thumb, of Michigan,
Returns in triumph here from Baltimore,
And our Barnburning friends are flummuxed quite—
Then judge, thou greatest Noodle, if I feel
D—— bad or not—but hark!

[*A hurdy-gurdy sounds.*

Those dulcet strains
Bespeak King Arthur at his breakfasting.
And if 'twere not enough of evidence,
That heavenly music—lo! to other senses
The fact appeals! I sniff, from where I stand,
The scent of well-fried sausages. Let's in;
I will present unto his majesty
This long petition.

Noodle.

Do it, Doodle, do!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*Inside of Tammany Hall.—King and Queen seated at the Speaker's rostrum.—Before them a plate of Sausages.—Courtiers and Characters in attendance.*

King.

Let no face but a face of joy be seen—
If any man don't smile on the right side
Of his rebellious phiz, cut off his nose—
He'll smile on t'other. Doll, my dear!
Our Union has been prosperous, so I hear.

[*Doodle kneels.*

Our favorite Doodle, pray, what can we do,
Here on our throne, to please or profit you!
What! a petition—on a day like this—
A day of minor joy and major bliss!
With curst petitions thus our ears to gain—
Away! thou troublest me! I'm not i' th' vein!

[*Doodle rises.*

It is our royal pleasure, friends, as *you* see,
That all our Court this morning should get boozy;
And since Tom Thumb has conquered, we'll allow
Each friend to be as drunk as David's sow;
In which condition, ere the sun hath worn
A tittle from his shoe-soles, by his travel,
From East to West, our royal self will be,
A special edict—mark you the decree.

[*A fife played without.*

Noodle.

Those martial sounds, my liege, announce the chief.

King.

Let's haste with greeting—royal and majestic,
To intimate his welcome—now he's here.

[*Enter Thumb, Glumdalca and others.*

Welcome—thrice welcome—three times thrice, and then
Thrice times thrice three times, that thou first of men!
Thumb, the magnificent—the mighty one!
Of rivers and of harbors champion;
First of the Michiganders, tell us quick,

Has our old foeman, TAYLOR, cut his stick!

THUMB.

My liege, at Baton Rouge he doth abide,
With twice one hundred negroes at his side.

KING.

There let him rot, no-party candidate!

QUEEN.

To love that THUMB, the hero, is my fate.

KING.

Speak, how can we reward you! Only say
How much to you the treasury shall pay.

THUMB.—[*Aside.*]

I ask not kingdoms—I can conquer such;
I ask not crowns—I don't esteem them much;
I got a cracked one, in a fireman's row;
I ask not money—money's all my eye;
But give me that which money cannot buy.
I ask but this—that HUNCAMUNCA shall
Be my sweet love—insinuating gal!

QUEEN.—[*Aside.*]

This chokes my fondest hopes.

KING.

Yes, *sir*—we'll do it;
But have a care, this bargain, you don't rue it.
Our daughter is in prime of vigorous youth,
And warm of heart—

THUMB.

My life upon her truth!

[*Exit Thumb.*]

KING—[*Looking at Glumdalca.*]

I feel a pain across my person shoot—
Rising from love, or taking too much fruit;
Oh! queen of hearts, who winnest, spite of shame,
Never by honors, but by tricks, thy game—
If not affection, which my inwards rubs,
What is it!

GLUMDALCA.

Possibly the mulligrubs.
Ah, luckless, we! or yester morn we were,
Queen of the Post, and fairest of the fair,
Wedded to hosts of mails—

QUEEN.

Oh, sweet polygamy!

GLUMDALCA.

If I was not *too* happy, make a Whig o' me!

KING.

Thou shalt be everything—this Court thine own;
Wield thou the sceptre, and ascend the throne;
I love thee, dearly, since like me, I see,
You found your origin in Tennessee.

QUEEN.

This to my face! and I an F. F. V.!
Listen, false pair, and hear me thus declare,
And ditto swear, by hair beyond compare—
The hair of THUMB—by all my vengeance dread,
TOM THUMB shall HUNCAMUNCA never wed.
Lo! I have said it—therefore, it is said!

[*Exit Queen.*

KING.

Good bye, my darling—prithee, go to bed!
What! shall a monarch mind what woman says!
Remove the banquet!

NOODLE.

What, these sausages!

KING.

Thou vulgar NOODLE, yes! and mark my word;
I've watched thee, NOODLE, and thy tricks absurd;
Beware, lest when our wrath shall get awake,
Thee, and our DOODLE, too, in hand we take!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE III.—*Nassau Street, as before.—Enter Lord Grizzle, in a deuced passion.*

LORD GRIZZLE.

The King, he wrongs me—ditto does the Queen;
Cheats daddy of his nomination; fobs
All our whole party with soft words, or so;
But to the Hunkers gives the Custom House
And Post-Office! Odds blood and barbecues!
I'll be a rebel. In the tented field,
Before old Tammany, I'll speak long speeches,
Made up of equal parts of gas and gammon;
Our reverend Chaplain, erst of Sandy Hill,
Shall give 'em stated preaching; and *I'll* give 'em
Satan's dominion—under the extremity
Of their inner garments! Rouse, my swelling soul!
Let loose thy dogs of war, without their muzzles!
Chaos out chaotize itself, and be
Confused confusion; while tempestuous tempests
Tempestify the times! Grim giants groan,
And red-haired bards pour forth a dribbling stream
Of milk and water, misnamed Poetry.
Let LIPPARD e'en out Lippardize himself,
And hide himself in horrors horrible.
For HUNCAMUNCAS' false, or if she ain't
She's going to be, and that is all the same;
Never shall THOMAS THUMB within her arms
Take a sweet comfort—never he, by gosh,
Ascend the throne. Traducer of my father,
Whose ghost so often urges on my fear;

[*Ghost of old Grizzle rises.*

Talk of the devil and his imps appear!
Well, phantom in the sheet, what brings you here?

GHOST.

List, list—oh, list!

GRIZZLE.

What! for a soldier—I!
If I do, I'll be ———

GHOST.

Hush! don't swear, for by
Such words no fish are caught—'tis all my eye.
Listen, while I unfold a tale to harrow
Your innocent soul, and melt your fat and marrow.

GRIZZLE.

Then, spit it out!

GHOST.

Thy rival, THOMAS THUMB,
Shall wed the princess!

GRIZZLE.

Be forever dumb,
Thou white-sheet prophet!

GHOST.

Then he shall ascend
The throne King ARTHUR sits on.

GRIZZLE.

If your news
Is all so bad, to hear it I refuse.
Absquatulate! scratch gravel, G. T. T.!

GHOST.

Alack! alas! 'tis G. T. H, with me.
[*Ghost goes down—right off.*

GRIZZLE.

What's to be did! But see, here comes the pair—
So soft, so verdant, ne'er before there were.
[*Enter Noodle and Doodle.*
Sweet pair of Noodles!

DOODLE.

Noodle's only one—
I am a DOODLE, and as Doodle done,
So can a Doodle do, to win him fame!

GRIZZLE.

Noodles and Doodles—it is much the same!
My friends, companions, partners of my toil;
And sharers, when I get it, of my spoil.
TOM THUMB and HUNCAMUNCA, they will wed
In spite of all our efforts.

NOODLE.

Kill 'em dead!

GRIZZLE.

Ay! so we will—we'll shorten their existence,
By means of fortune and of your assistance.
Come, hence with me, and let us plot the way
To kill TOM THUMB and take his life away.

(END OF ACT FIRST.)

SOMETHING VERY DREADFUL.

SPOONS, of the Sunday Murcury, has deliberately come to the conclusion that JOHN NEAL is "a little nobody." This dreadful intelligence has struck a chill into the heart of all Down East; and we learn that the wife and children of Mr. NEAL are now on their way to New York, for the purpose of waiting upon SPOONS in a body, and imploring him, for their sakes, not to let his opinion of their respected spouse and progenitor get about—as Mr. NEAL has a devil of a temper, and would undoubtedly break the tea-pot, swallow the shovel and tongs, or do some other horrible thing, if he were to find out what SPOONS thought of him. We implore our respected cotemporary to pause, and take his paws off our friend JOHN NEAL.

SUPPLEMENTARY SUNDAY ENACTMENT.

FROM SMITH'S (JOHN) LAWS.

Supplement to an Act entitled "An Act Prohibiting Work on the Lord's Day---commonly called Sunday."

Be it hereby enacted, and it is hereby enacted, by the authority of the same—for that, whereas, &c., the fourth profession, known to the laws, entitled as the Barbers, Hairdressers, &c., to wit: The same having, against the peace and good morals of this Commonwealth, and in violation of the laws of the same, continued in their work, trade, traffic or device, and been sustained in such act, work, trade, traffic or device, by the Justices of the Peace of the City of Philadelphia, in this Commonwealth—Therefore, be it enacted, in order to settle and make a just compromise between the said Alderman, the said Commonwealth, and the said Barbers, Hair-dressers &c., and finally fix the same: That, as to all white men, being in any profession, occupation, or trade, (excepting always the aforesaid,) such profession requiring an attendance in the streets, alleys and lanes of said city; all young men over the age of 16 years; all gentlemen possessed of a weekly income of not less than 37 1-2 cents per week, inclusive of rum dues and the subscription of the JOHN DONKEY; the decision of said Justices shall be in full force and effect. And as to all negroes, mulattoes and creoles or half-bloods, acting as waiters, or soidisanting as Spanish, French, or other counts; all young officers and men reputed to have served in the Mexican war; all generals in the home service; all authors having written a volume of not less than 500 pages; all lawyers with a weakly income as aforesaid; young men under the age of 16; all rentees of hotel-steps on Chestnut street, for a term or time not exceeding one hour; or keeping one small unmuzzled dog; free-list men, and others having egress, ingress and regress into any house, booth, or shop, is hereby prohibited; and all the aforesaid Barbers, Hairdressers, &c., are hereby prohibited from shaving, removing, scraping, or rubbing off or form the lips or chin of such person or persons, any emblematical device, mark or mustache whatsoever, on the Lord's Day, (commonly called Sunday,) any decisions of said Alderman or Justices to the contrary notwithstanding.

Passed Sunday, 1st April, 18—.

BLESSED OLD DEATH!

This jolly gentleman, usually vilified by being represented as a dart and skeleton skillfully combined, has the strange power of purifying everybody he embraces. No sooner was EDWARD SIMPSON fairly dead, than he was discovered to have been one of the most energetic and public-spirited managers, one of the honestest men, and one of the greatest actors that ever lived. Bring us the pizen!

THE BUFFALO CONVENTION.

The old proverb says that when you are in Rome you must be a Roman—in Turkey you must be a Turkey—and in Buffalo, we suppose, you must be a buffalo. On this principle, we presume the nomination at the Buffalo Convention, can be nothing but a bull.

THE PRESIDENTIAL MISS MUFFET.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET SHE SAT ON A TUFFET—
A EATING OF CURD AND WHEY;
WHEN ALONG CAME A SPIDER, AND SAT DOWN BESIDE HER,
AND FRIGHTENED MISS MUFFET AWAY.

Mother Goose—corrected by Van Buren.

QUANTITY RIGHT, BUT QUALITY WRONG.

Stout Gentleman.—Did you get me two places in the stage?

Boy.—Yes, sah.

Stout Gentleman.—Ah, now I shall have room enough. Where are they?

Boy.—One inside ob de coach, sah, and the oder outside.

THE OPERA SINGER'S COMPLAINT.

PHILADELFIA, JULI, –, 1848.

Signor Asinini (which is Italia for DONKEY:)

Io son molto mal contento—dat is I am very madd. I am a *primo tenore*, and *vengo da Italia*—dat is I cum frome Itali. I engage to go to Nu Yorrick, for cing at de ASS-TORE OPERA, and I go becos I spose him, frome his *chiamo*—his name—to belong to you, and I was proud to have such *l'impresario* as yureself, becos I shud be pade, if it tuk yure tin sickspens. But I find I maid grate missteak. Well, I cing my *parte* very fine in Lucia, Ernani, Lucrezia, and more tu, and no want *il suggeritore* or *la prova*, vich you call promther and rehersal. But no monis pa tu me, and all stopp; now I am here, and get no bif for my baili, and no cote for mi bac. *Ingrato!* I sall bidam myself! *Faro le mie lagnanze*—dat is, I sall take him up bifour la grate jug.* Am I rite?

Yure's,

ANTONIO YELLINI.

* We were so stupid, for some time, that we did not understand our correspondent to mean the "Judge." He is certainly right to go to that functionary. We would recommend him to go to Judge PARSONS, who is full of music. His voice and the enunciation of his sentences, frequently draw tears and sobs from some of those who hear him.

INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

Why are the democrats trying to make a goose of General Taylor? Because they are *down* upon him.

STARTLINGLY IMPORTANT!

We stop the press to announce, with unfeigned feelings of satisfaction, that we have just received intelligence of a well-authenticated rumour, to the effect, that it is anticipated it is very likely soon to come to pass, that "the Man who struck BILLY PATTERSON" is known, and will be arrested and brought to condign punishment. All the GILPIN policemen, with their badges, maces, and in full equipage, are upon his trail, and imitating the speed of the famous JOHN of that name, are in full speed after him, so that in this matter there's no such word as fail. We await further information with the most intense anxiety. When this notorious offender is brought to trial, "may we be there to see!"

P. S.—We are pained to state that since the above was written, we have received intelligence by our wheelbarrow telegraph, that the police were so nearly successful as to catch a glimpse of the offender's coat-tail as he turned a corner, but when they reached, and turned it, "he was NOWHERE, and is there still." So justice, for awhile, is defeated.

THE TERRITORIAL INDIAN PARTY.

The wise men at Washington have had a hard time of it with the Territorial Compromise Bill. The condition of the two parties—the friends and opponents of the bill—reminds Mr. DONKEY of the story of the white man and the Indian who went hunting, and whose success consisted in a wild turkey and a possum. As they were about to divide the game, the white man said, "Squanko, suppose *I* take the turkey, and *you* take the possum." The Indian scratched his head. "Well, then," said the white man, if you don't like that, I'll make another proposition—suppose *you* take the possum and *I* take the turkey." The other, after a long silence, broke out—"Hugh! white man! you no say turkey to Indian once!"

Now, JOHN DONKEY wants to know which party, at Washington, is the Indian. Will somebody tell him?

THE CONSTITUTION VIOLATED IN THE COURTS.

At this season of the year we constantly see the following announcement in the daily papers, viz:

"LEGAL.—*No* Courts *open* yesterday."

Now if this be true, the fact is a most extraordinary piece of business, and the announcement that that which is illegal is legal, is a gross blunder. The Constitution of the State is the supreme law of the land about this city, and any thing contrary to it is illegal. The Declaration of Rights (Art. ix. Sec. xi.) says in express words, "*All* Courts SHALL *be open.*" Here's a pretty state of things under which we are suffering! Even Mr. DONKEY is raised from his placid stupidity, and is determined to bray aloud, and spare not. The Judges had better look to it. Although they may be rusticating it now, eating soft peaches, next winter they may have to digest hard impeachments.

GOOD REASON.

Why ought the temperance people to be afflicted with *delirium tremens?* Because they are always indulging in the abuse of ardent spirits.

TERRIFIC EXCITEMENT AT CAPE MAY!

THE RAILROAD TORN UP!

The Island covered with Sand!!

Our latest advices from the seat of war represent things to be in a very sad way, indeed. The drivers of the carryalls had organised a club, (although we don't see where they got it, as there isn't a tree on the Island,) and had passed a series of resolutions denouncing and tearing up the railroad from the landing to the city, which had completely brought their business to a stand-still, and arrested the wheels of commerce and the carryalls in the height of the season. No railroad on the continent was ever furnished with so great an amount of railing. The preamble, which declares the railroad a species of iron oppression, intended to trample the carryall-men in the sand, calls upon the sleepers to awake, and implores the switches to turn out and overthrow the car of the Juggernaut of monopoly. The sheep-path express is in arms, and the mountain fastnesses are pouring forth their indignant hordes (of mosquitoes) upon the plains below. The hot spring itself has commenced boiling with indignation, and even the parties of pleasure, who venture out into the surf, have united in the row. The banks have all exploded, and their contents scattered to the wind—in consequence of which the whole Island is covered with sand.

The money market is in an unparalleled state of depression; so much so, in fact, that several of the fastest men were unable to pay their bills at the hotels, and those who had heretofore gone it with a looseness, were discovered to be tight.

The markets were unsteady, and bathing-dresses had risen considerably. There was a great want of confidence among the bar-keepers, and several advantageous transactions had been positively refused, out of regard to the interests of the drawer. Several heavy transactions, however, continued to be made by the scales-man, and several very dashing ladies had increased their weight something under two stone.

The population of the Island is steadily increasing.

Fancy stocks were somewhat lower than at the commencement of the season, and provisions and ice had come down—on the Mountaineer, in large quantities.

☞ We shall issue an Extra, at 4 o'clock, contanining full particulars.

THE "PECULIAR INSTITUTION."

For a great many years we have been exercising our stupidity to no purpose, to discover that "peculiar institution" about which we hear so much. At length, however, we have found out all about it. The "peculiar institution" is the United States Mail; and in our opinion it is the d——dest "peculiar" concern of which the world ever had any experience.

DISHING UP CITIES.

We see that some fellow is doing up "New York in Slices" for the Tribune, while the Sunday Murcury serves up the Slicer with lamb sauce. We wish that if we are to be fed on cooked cities, they wouldn't give us quite so much of the stews.

LETTER FROM THE FALLS.

At Home Agin, August 1st, 1848.

Dear Sir—

In rathful indignashun i take mi steal pen in hand 2 inform U uv thee imposition that iz practized upon thee peeple of our own and forine nashuns. The fame of The Falls haz bin sellebrated in proze and rhime, and travullerz haz rit books on—I mene about it; and your umbl relashun haz bin deseved in the most awfullest mannir. Frum the gloing descripshuns that I heerd, I rezolved on cing wun uv the Liuns of Amerika, so on the eve of the 4th uv July I got in 2 an omneebus labeled Manayunk and "the Falls," and wuz wurld along 2 that plase, Fairmount, so named, az old traydishuns haz it, on account of the number of the Fair that mount the hitez every nite. Bee that az it may, it iz a kule place after nite. Howsoever, we landid there at, and after stopping a minnit in the round house, I perseeved the magnified stemebote Washintun kuming down the rowmantic stream, huze praizes haz bin sung by John Smith, its poit Laurelat, of wich "Lines on the tow path," "Raging Canaille," (sa-ay, iz that parla French!) will live in our memry wen we arr gone ded. By the weigh, vich Lock iz it that Scott rites about!—ther is so manny, he might hav dezignated wich un 'twas. Az I waz sa-ing, I jumped a board the abuv, my only baggage, too touils and a peas uv Sand Soap, to take the old skin off, for I wuz determind to hav a wash therin. Passing up the streme, the monatomy of the seen was disturbd only bi the batheing uv sum boyz, hoo had Asston dressez, not seen, and the landing uv some weigh passengers, wun of hume wayd too stones *and more.* I kan konceve the undo elating influenza of the rivur on the poits az haz rit on it. I wuz told to put up at Nisells, who makes the best Katfish and Koffee az groze aneewhere. I am told when any but No. 1 take to the hook, they drive them away. And onlee 75 cents a dozen for Koffee and Katfish iz all they charge. What's that a day! I waulked down to the Fallz, and if any one was suckd in, not literately, I wuz. Darn the Spra and shelves of rock to be seen; and no roaring but Robinsons' mill. There wuz no plase for Sam Patch to dash hiz brains out. I wuz abashed for the credulity uv myself, and mad at the hoax as wuz plade on me, and no legends among the rustics about; and I want you to get Lippard to make some about the Falls of Skoolkill.

Yourz, in a rage,

Meeself.

SENATORIAL SEATS.

Senator Smellfungus said the other day to Senator Tusymusy, "The only thing that distresses me is one thing. I don't care about the acquisition of territory, and this rapid admission of States into the Union. But where are we to put their Senators in this chamber? It's pretty well filled already—I don't see any room for them." Senator Tusymusy looked bad for a minute, but his countenance gradually relaxed into a smile, as he replied, "Mr. Smellfungus, I'll tell ye—we'll all sit closer together!" "I don't know about that!" said Senator Smellfungus. Here the debate closed.

OUR INDIAN GALLERY.

Last week we promised our readers a copy of the splendid illustration of American history, designed by our oboriginal artist—and here it is. Those who desire to contemplate that most extraordinary event, to whose occurrence we owe the existence of so many of the F. F. V.'s, have only to put on their spectacles, look sharp, and behold!

THE RESCUE OF CAPTAIN SMITH BY POCAHONTAS.

IMMENSE INCREASE OF PATRONAGE.

We have the pleasure of announcing that the sale of the JOHN DONKEY last week increased thirty thousand copies.

P. S.—It is proper to state that they were back numbers, and sold to the trunkmakers. Thus the JOHN DONKEY bids fair to travel to every portion of our magnificent country.

BAD ECONOMY.

The economy which induces General TAYLOR to refuse to expend $4.70 for postage, while it permits him to pay $15,000 for slaves, in one year, seems to puzzle those Whigs who have been bawling for Free Soil, and against the Extension of Slavery, until they are hoarse. Did our worthy "bobolition" fri nds never hear of saving at the spiggot and losing at the bung-hole?

WEATHER ADVICE.

When the wind is north-east, avoid the Third Avenue.

QUESTION.

Can any body tell what was the DESIGN of that recent illumination by the authorities, in front of the State House? It is generally thought there was a great deal in it, as well as in its authors. One thing is certain, they both had a large quantity of *gas* in them.

FATAL EXPERIMENT.

Deacon BIGELOW, has who just invented a new smut machine, attempted to test its powers, the other day. He put in a whig and a democratic newspaper, and both came out perfectly white. We are grieved to add that the machine was destroyed forever.

A QUEER CEREMONY.

We see by the newspapers that they have got into the habit of "bathing dresses." This, we suppose, is modern refinement. Our grandmother used to wash dresses.

THE LIFE AND NOVELTIES

Of the Celebrated and Remarkable

COUNT SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

Now that our darling brethren, the Senators and Representatives, are about to leave Washington—the great national bedlam being broken up, and the unfortunate lunatics being scattered over the face of the country—we scarcely know where to seek for sympathy. But, at the darkest and most forlorn hour of our destiny, there always appears a little star, no larger than a half-dime piece, which gradually assumes the magnitude and magnificence of a great copper basin—a basin which might readily be mistaken by Don QUIXOTE de la Mancha, for the helmet of MAMBRINO. Thus it is that we are self-elected the biographers of the greatest man ever produced by the combined action of Fate and Baltimore City; and thus it is, that we are destined to dive down, head foremost, into the gulf of deathless immortality, in company with the pre-eminent Count SMITH.

Count SMITH is the glass of fashion, and the mould of form; and he is, moreover, a dead shot. You cannot buy him, even at his own valuation; for he is the very incarnation of independence—but a regard for truth impels us to record the humiliating fact, that the Count has been occasionally sold.

[When a man attacks you with a "Did you ever see"—you may be sure that something else is coming, and be ready to shape your answer accordingly. Women frequently use the expression more interjectionally than interrogatively—exclaiming—"Did you ever!" with extreme confidence that you never did, and consequently feeling that no response is necessary. With a man, the case is different. If he asks you, "Did you ever see the devil shovel gravel with a great wooden shovel, and his greatcoat on!" you can answer as your regard for truth prompts; but if he utters those fearful words—"Did you ever hear me read my Poem of Endymion!" then, gentle and beloved reader, answer "yes!" whether true or not; and if the querist have red hair, run as if Satan were after you with a pitch-fork. If we propound a question to you commencing with the mystical four words, sit still and listen—for you are about to get a sixpence worth of valuable information.]

Did you ever see HORACE GREELY's hair? If you did not, it is no matter; but if you did, we have the basis of our problem all secure. Of HORACE GREELY's hair, take one-twentieth part, soak it in a very weak infusion of wornout tan, and stick it on an upper lip, somewhat after the style of bristles in a shoe-brush.

Take a palm-leaf hat, costing one shilling; wet it, and impart to its brim, by mesmeric sympathy, a melancholy droop.

Take a suit of clothes, made in the height of the mode—irreproachably and ultra fashionable, including a pair of boots from which nobody can be drawn, by any degree of excitement whatever.

Into this suit, under this hat, and behind this mustache, imagine a middle-sized, not particularly distinguishable individual, and you at once have a view of the dead shot, both at the pistol-gallery and on CUPID's shooting-ground—the fascinating, fashionable, yet frequently fallacious Count SMITH.

But is it possible that the Count has been sold? Such is the fact, and cheap at that. We intend to let it out, now that the Count is at Cape May. As soon as he comes *in* town we go *out*. We have no idea of being turned into a cullender by the Count's bullets. We would rather run out, head-foremost, than be carried out, feet-foremost. So, in the meanwhile, placing scouts to give us notice of the Count's approach, we intend to tell our readers all about the Count and the heiress, in the next chapter.

HURRAH FOR JOHN GRIF!

One JOHN HUBERT GRIF, advertises in the Ledger as follows:

NOTICE.—This is to notitify MARY GRIF, formerly Anna R. Smith, now residing in the city of New York, that if she does not come to her lawful husband, John Hubert Grif, (who has often solicited her to come and enjoy his bed and board) he will consider himself divorced.

jy26-3t* JOHN HUBERT GRIF.

It astonishes us that MARY GRIF, who was formerly ANNA R. SMITH, don't come and enjoy that bed and board; and we recommend her husband to consider himself divorced accordingly. Indeed, according to his own statement, he is practically divorced *a mensa et thoro;* his wife, MARY that is, and ANNA that was, rejects his solicitations to enjoy connubial felicity, and resides in the city of New York instead of Philadelphia. MARY, my dear, come back to your husband, and to JOHN DONKEY. You're wanted, ANNA.

HIS HONOR AT STAKE.

In the Philadelphia Ledger of July 26th, we find the following advertisement:

NOTICE.—Some individual has maliciously reported "that JOHN TEAGLE, one of the colored waiters at the dinner given to the Volunteers, yesterday, who resides in the rear of No. 241 Shippen Street, was found at night with a bottle of wine in his pocket, which he had stolen during the day." The gentleman who is represented to have found the wine upon his person, has stated, before witnesses, that no such thing occurred, and whoever made the accusation is a vile and ungentlemanly slanderer. jy26-1t*

For our own part, and on the part of JOHN TEAGLE, we denounce this vile slander. A bottle of wine in JOHN TEAGLE's pocket! *No, sir!* If JOHN TEAGLE had the wine about him at all, you may be sure it was inside, and not out. Anybody who asserts the contrary "is a vile and ungentlemanly slanderer," and should be shot in the neck.

THE DEVIL EXPOSED.

We observe that Elder CLAPP, who made himself so famous in his controversy about the existence of Hell, is engaged in lecturing on the personality, character, and dwelling place of the Devil. The Elder will get himself into a scrape. SATAN has no idea of having his private affairs brought before the public in that way; and the impertinence of the Elder will ensure the doing of its owner to a turn at the general roasting in the other world.

FOSTER AND ENGLISH ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

G. B. ZIEBER & CO., *No. 141 CHESTNUT STREET, Phila.*, Have just issued—

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1848.
ITS CAUSES, ACTORS, EVENTS AND INFLUENCES.
By G. G. Foster and Thos. Dunn English.

Illustrated by eleven engravings on wood, by Hinckley, after designs by Darley, Gavarni, Gilbert and others. In one volume octavo. Price 50 cents in paper, or 75 cents bound.

The object of this work is to present an exposition, not only of the events of the Revolution, but of its Philosophical and social relations to the destiny of humanity.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. Portrait of Lamartine.
2. Portrait of Louis Philippe.
3. Portrait of Queen Amelia.
4. Portrait of the Count de Paris.
5. Portrait of Arago.
6. Portrait of Dupont (de l'Eure)
7. Portrait of Ledru Rollin.
8. The People carrying the victims in procession.
9. The People in the throne-room.
10. The Defenders of the Baricades.
11. A new National Guard
12. Music of Mourir La Patrie," with English and French words.

Persons remitting fifty cents to G. B. ZIEBER & CO., can have a copy sent them by mail, the postage of which will not be over ten cents. Five copies will be sent for Two Dollars. This last arrangement applies, however, only to those *out* of the large cities.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

"It is quite refreshing to turn from the ephemeral publications of the day to something substantial, and worth an hour's reflection. This book is an elaborate, thoughtful, and well digested history, or rather disquisition and review, of the great events which have given shape to French, and indeed Continental, history."—*Philadelphia News.*

"The style of the authors is bold, earnest and energetic; and they evidently write under a thorough conviction of the existence of the evils which they narrate, and of the efficacy of the remedy they propose."—*Scott's Weekly.*

"We recommend this work to all who wish a complete and connected history of recent events, not only in France, but throughout all Europe."—*Saturday Gleaner*

"A well-written narrative."—*Baltimore Patriot.*

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"It abounds in original thought, views, and sentiments; is elegantly written, and arranged with ability.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

G. B. ZIEBER & CO.'S GREAT PERIODICAL

and Cheap Book Establishment, No. 3 Ledger Buildings, Third below Chestnut. Wholesale Depot, No. 141 Chestnut, opposite the Philadelphia Bank.

ZIEBER & CO. are constantly receiving the greatest variety of publications, and are prepared to execute all orders for American and Foreign Newspapers and Periodicals, and all New and Cheap Books, on the most reasonable terms. They respectfully invite all persons visiting the city, and others, to call and examine their extensive collection, where they will be sure to find all the *latest issues* published in this city or elsewhere; their arrangements with publishers in Boston, New York, Baltimore, &c., giving them a decided advantage over other houses in the early receipt of New Works. ☞ AGENTS AND DEALERS supplied on the most liberal terms, and all orders promptly attended to. Particular attention paid to the country trade. feb 19-3m†

A CARD---TO THE PUBLIC.

SPRING AND SUMMER FASHIONS FOR GENTLEMEN.

MESSRS. JOHN KELLY & CO., successers to Robb, Winebrenner & Co., respecfully announce to their friends and the public that they have made several desirable improvements in their old established quarters, No. 102 CHESTNUT street, where may always be found a perfect assortment of elegant and fresh materials, in the very latest Paris and London styles, which they are prepared to make up to order, and with a strict view to the form, features and general mein of the wearer—in which process of the adaptation of the rules of art to costume Messrs. J. K. & Co. beg to say they are the first to have established in this country. By this system, a gentleman is not made to fit his clothes, but his clothes are made, both in color, style and cut, to fit him.

J. K. & Co. are how opening a selection of the most exquisite spring goods, for pants, paletots, dress coats, frocks, sacks, &c., ever received in Philadelphia. june 3 tf

C. T. HINCKLEY, Engraver on Wood, 141 Chestnut street, Third Story—Executes any order, large or small, on the most favorable terms. Specimens of the work done at this establishment, to be seen in the JOHN DONKEY—and other pictorial publications. Designs furnished by able artists, at reasonable rates. may 19 tf

☞ ATTENTION THE WHOLE WORLD!—FRONT FACE!!

LET ALL ON THE SICK LIST GIVE HEED. BE HEALED.

Of FEVER and AGUE,
by ROWAND'S TONIC MIXTURE!

Of COUGHS and COLDS,
by ROWAND'S COUGH LOZENGES!

Of BOWEL COMPLAINTS,
by ROWAND'S BLACKBERRY ROOT LOZENGES!

Of WORMS and WORM FEVER,
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Of SICK-HEADACHE, INDIGESTION or DYSPEPSIA, COSTIVENESS and BILIOUS AFFECTIONS,
by ROWAND'S PURGATIVE PILLS!

These FIVE GREAT and INVALUABLE REMEDIES, selected from "DR. ROWAND'S CONSULTATION CARD," and "CATALOGUE OF FAMILY PRESCRIPTIONS," constitute a "HEALTH BOX," embodying such a *fulness of resources* for *FAMILY* and *PLANTATION* service, in the sickly regions of our country.

LOOK out for PIRATES, who in attacking my rights, by eating into my business, at the same time endeavor to commit their nefarious depredations upon the interests and welfare of the community.

OFEICE of the *Original Inventor and Sole Proprietor*, No. 143 Arch street, Philadelphia.
JOHN R. ROWAND, M. D.

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READER, if your hair is turning gray, if it is falling off, if it is harsh, dry or stiff, or if your head is troubled with dandruff, by reading the following certificates you will see that for a trifling amount, have a remedy.

Mr. Geo. Beckct, 51 Elm street, New York, certifies that his head was nearly bald on the top, and that after using three bottles of JONES'S CORAL HAIR RESTORATIVE, he has fine dark strong hair growing on the scalp.

Mr. W. Jackson, of 89 Liberty st. Pittsburgh, was benefited exactly the same by two 3s. bottles.

Mr. Power, a grocer, of Fulton st. had his hair completely choked up with dandruff, and Jones's Coral Hair Restorative entirely and permanently removed it.

TO THOSE WHOSE HAIR IS GRAY,
Or Falling Off and Weak at the Roots.

I hereby certify that my hair was turning gray, and falling off, and that since I have used Jones's Hair Restorative it has entirely ceased falling, is growing fast, and has a fine dark look. Before I used Jones's Coral Hair Restorative I combed out handfuls of hair daily.

WM. TOMKINS, 92 King st. N. Y.

Mrs. Matilda Reeves, of Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, certifies exactly the same.

Do you want to dress, beautify, and make your HAIR both soft and fine? Read—

I, Henry Cullen, the barber on board the steamboat South America, do certify that Jones's Coral Hair Restorative is the best article I ever used for dressing, cleansing, and keeping the hair a long time soft, silky, dark and in order; all my customers preferred it to every thing else.

Manufactured and for sale by T. JONES, 82 Chatham st. New York, and for sale in Philadelphia, only at 3 Ledger Building, Third st below Chesnut. Price 37 1-2 and 50 cts. and $1 per bottle. jy 8 tf §

T. M'TIERNAN, 90 SPRING GARDEN

STREET, has in Press, and will publish immediately—

A Practical Treatise on Manures—from the recent publication of the British Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge—with copious notes and additional American information, by the American editor.—12 mo. Price 25 cents.

This is a most invaluable work to any farmer who desires to grow rich by a proper management of his resources. The price is almost nominal, and it can be sent by mail to those who remit the cash. Its postage is about 5 1-2 cents. Clubs remitting One Dollar, free of postage, will receive Five copies. may 27 tf

CHICKERING'S PIANO FORTES.---EDWARD L. WALKER,

Exclusive Agent, for Philadelphia; Southwest corner of Twelfth and Chesnut—yroneed st. A splendid assortment of instruments always on hand. may 6 3m*

OAKFORD'S GREAT HAT

CAP, AND FUR ESTABLISHMENT, No 104 Chesnut street, between Third and Fourth streets, Philadelphia. The advertiser has constantly on hand and manufacturing, every description of Hats and Caps, of the latest and most approved fashions, consisting of Youths' Hats and Caps, in great variety, among which is a new article for Spring and Summer wear.

Military Chapeaux, Caps, etc. made according to the Army and Navy regulations, and for superiority of finish and materials, have never been surpassed.

The Spring Fashions for Gentlemen's and Youth's Hats, are just out; also a new style of Lady's Riding Caps, to which the attention of purchasers is requested: assuring them that his prices are such as will please all who may favor him with a visit, being as low as are offered at any establishment in the country.

*** Plates, descriptive of the Fashions, will be found in Godey's Lady's Book, and Graham's Magazine. Remember Oakford's, No 104 Chesnut street, between Third and Fourth, Philadelphia. ap 29 tf ‡

HAVE YOU A BAD COMPLEXION,

COARSE, DARK, YELLOW, OR SALLOW?

If you have, you will find, by using JONES ITALIAN CHEMICAL SOAP a week or two, your skin become clear, white and smooth. If you have ANY DISEASE OF THE HEAD, FACE OR BEARD, such as Ringworm, Scald Head, Scurvy, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Barber's Itch, you can be cured; for we have seen persons who have had skin diseases for years, and after trying everything in vain, have been cured by washing the part with JONES' ITALIAN CHEMICAL SOAP, and can conscientiously offer it for any of the above complaints, which we would not do unless we knew it to be all we state

IF YOU HAVE SUN SPOTS, FRECKLES, MORPHEW, TAN, SUN-BURN OR DISFIGUREMENTS

of any kind, it will dispel them, and make the skin beautiful. It is a sure antidote and cure for the

BITES OF MUSQUITOES, BUGS, Etc.

BEWARE of counterfeits—particularly cheap ones. Ask for Jones' Soap, and see that the name of T JONES is on each cake

PERSONS FROM OR IN THE SOUTH, and warm climates, would find this a never-failing remedy for

CHAFES AND CHAPS IN INFANTS

And now reader, by giving this one trial, you will find it all, or even more than we have stated above.

Manufactured and for sale in New York, by T. JONES, 82 CHATHAM street, and in Philadelphia only at No 3 Ledger Building, THIRD street, below Chensut. may 27 tf§

CONSTIPATION (COSTIVENESS) PERMANENTLY

cured without medicine, by the "New and improved *Wartons Ervalenta*," a most palatable and nutritious vegetable food. THE ONLY GENUINE ARTICLE, (being the same as has been sold for the last year by Hammond and Co, and their successors, McCotter and Co. corner of Broadway and Chambers street,) SUPERIOR TO ANY EVER BEFORE MADE OR IMPORTED. Packages of 8 lbs, $3.50; of 2 lbs, $1. Also, Warton's celebrated Treatise on the use and value of the Ervalenta. Price 20 cents.

Several of our most eminent Physicians having tested the efficacy of this Ervalenta in their practice, now recommend and prescribe it to their patients. IT IS THE ONLY RELIABLE REMEDY EXTANT for either Dyspepsia, Constipation or the Piles.

The EVERLENTA is for sale in Philadelphia only by ZIEBER and CO. 3 Ledger Building, Third street, below Chesnut, and 141 CHESTNUT street, above Fourth. may 27 tf

TRIUMPHS OF "YOUNG PHYSIC."

By DR. TURNER, of New York. Price 6 1-4 cents. GRAHAM, Trsbune Buildings

"How grateful should we be to the illustrious author of the Chrono-Thermal system of Medicine for showing up the monstrous outrages, the prodigious stupidity of the miscalled Science of Medicine."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"It is a sort of Bombardment of Allopathy."—*Boston Medical Journal.*

DR. TURNER has removed from 518 Broadway to 269 Tompkins Place, Tenth street, near Tompkins Square. june 11*

MEDICAL HOME PRACTICE PUNCTUALLY

attended to in all its particular branches, by DR. KINKELIN, German Physician, at his residence, N. W. corner of Third and Union streets. Diseases of the Skin, and such arising from impurity of the Blood, making their appearance under a hundred different forms, promptly and properly managed.—Travellers supplied at a moment's notice with medicines, &c. See advertisement in Philadelphia Times and Keystone. apr 29-1f‡

DR. ASHER ATKINSON'S BALSAM OF

HOREHOUND.—A remedy for Coughs, Colds and the first stage of Consumption; an invaluable remedy, of many years' standing. For Whooping Cough, this Balsam is of essential service. Price 25 cents per bottle.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, at the Botanic Medicine Store, 216 Greenwich street. june 11

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A JOURNAL OF THE PRESENT TIME AND FOR PASTIME.

This well known paper, published weekly, at six cents per copy, or Three Dollars per year--filled with original matter and original illustrations, is offered to CLUBS on the following terms:—

CASH.

Four copies, for	$10
Seven " "	15
Ten " "	20
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☞ Regular subscribers to the JOHN-DONKEY receive a copy of each Pictorial JOHN-DONKEY issued during their term of subscription without further charge.

PREMIUMS—CLUBS.

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For THIRTY Dollars, we will send any person SEVENTEEN copies, an extra copy for himself, and a copy each of the following works:—
FOSTER and ENGLISH, on the French Revolution.
Dombey and Son, by Charles Dickens, (Boz.)
The Three Guardsmen, by Alexander Dumas.

These are the most extraordinary and liberal literary premiums offered as an inducement to subscribers to any publication.

☞ the paper is only sent during the term for which payment has been received.

☞ Clubs, Agents, Subscribers and others will address (Post-paid)
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No paper has received so many favorable notices from its cotemporaries as the JOHN-DONKEY. From over fifteen hundred of these, we have only room select the following.

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"There is true and sterling wit in this paper, not such as has been considered so—the mere mis-spelling of words—but ideal wit, political, clerical, domestic and pictorial wit."—*Philadelphia Ladies' Dollar Newspaper, Pa.*

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"Edited with ability---and the illustrations are numerous, humerous and elegant."---*Philadelphia Neal's Gazette, Pa.*

"It is decidedly a trump card in the way of funny conceits."---*Philadelphia Pennsylvanian.*

"..... rich, racy and vigorous."---*Philadelphia News.*

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"This is a truly sensible and instructive paper, containing good pictures, good poetry, first-rate congressional reports, and good jokes in general."---*New York Tribune, N. Y.*

"The queerest and drollest of fellows that ever broke into the newspaper pasture."—*Philadelphia Sun, Pa.*

"Broad humor, keen wit, and pointed satire succeed each other in its pages, and stamp it as the first humorous publication in the country."—*Philadelphia Scott's Weekly, Pa.*

"A very pleasant satirical rogue."---*Philadelphia North American, Pa.*

"..... the tasteful style in which it is gotten up---its spirited illustrations, and the pungency of its wit." *Baltimore Continent, Md.*

"The engravings are spirited, the wit juicy and fresh, and the feeling truly American and patriotic." *Morristown Banner, N. J.*

"..... contains enough fun to fatten anything but a vinegar-keg."---*New Lisbon Aurora, Ohio.*

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"Brimfull of fun and drollery."---*Lewistown Gazette, Pa.*

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"..... an eccentric genius, full of wit and fun."---*Boston Pathfinder, Mass.*

"..... about as good a side-shaker as we have seen lately."---*Hamilton Intelligencer, Ohio.*

"It improves with every new issue."---*Allentown Reporter, Pa.*

"..... a funny paper, edited by a funny set of fellows."---*Staunton Democrat, Va.*

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"..... in racy humor and laughter-provoking witticisms, exceeds anything that has been attempted on this side of the Atlantic."---*Honesdale Herald Pa.*

"..... richly worth the price of its subscription to those who can appreciate good wit, and enjoy a hearty laugh."---*Jacksonville Journal, Ill.*

"Certainly, in its way, it is perfect."---*Newton Journal, Pa.*

"Capitally illustrated, and brimming over with rich, racy, penchant, rib-tickling articles---all of which are emphatically original."---*Leonardstown Beacon, Md.*

"..... rich in good things."---*Pittsburg Telegraph, Pa.*

"..... brimfull of satire and fun."---*Woonsocket Patriot, R. I.*

"..... is as full of humor as is possible to conceive." *Salem Sunbeam, N. J.*

"Full of fun and wit and nonsense, with 'picters' to match."---*Newburgh Courier, N. Y.*

"It is full of spirit, spice and legitimate satire."---*Vicksburg Intelligencer, La.*

"Rich enough to excite the risibilities of the soberest New England deacon, and yet bounded by decency and decorum."—*Glean's Falls Republican, N. Y.*

"Makes you laugh, and puts you in good humor with yourself."—*Elkton Whig, Md.*

"..... filled with wit and humor."---*Baltimore Clipper, Md.*

"Replete with wit, humor, and caustic satire."—*Sandersville Central Georgian, Geo.*

"It is a perfect original."---*Springfield Sentinel.*

"..... that immitable collection of wit and witticism."---*Little Rock Banner, Ark.*

"It deserves a 'first-rate notice.' But what would be the use of puffing the sun?"---*Manchester Messenger, N. H.*

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"The richest of its class that has yet appeared."—*M'Connelsville Herald, Ohio.*

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NO. 77 DOCK STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
Opposite the Exchange and Post Office.
CONDUCTED ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

Gentlemen accommodated with Rooms, transiently, or by the week or month, with Meals at any hour, or not, as they may please.

COPPLE & JONES, Proprietors.
july 29, 3m.

SUMMER HATS OF EXQUISITE

QUALITY, BEAUTIFUL, LIGHT AND GRACEFUL, admirably suited for the season, can be purchased TODAY, at the lowest possible prices, of FLORENCE, N. E. corner of Sixth and Chesnut streets. We advise our friends who would wear an elegant and comfortable Summer hat to buy it of,

FLORENCE,
Corner of Sixth and Chesnut Streets,
who it is conceded, on all hands, sells the Prettiest, Cheapest and Best Hats in the City.

july 15 tf.

GOODS FOR GENTLEMEN.—

A. H. WAY & Co. No. 161 Chesnut street, FIRST STORE ABOVE THE UNITED STATES HOTEL, would respectfully invite the attention of Gentlemen to their large and fresh assortment of SUMMER UNDER-SHIRTS and DRAWERS, viz:—
Shaker Flannel Shirts, warranted not to shrink:—
Gauze Cotton and Merino Shirts and Drawers:—Lisle Thread Shirts a beautiful article for Summer Wear:—Gauze Flannel Shirts, Gauze Silk Shirts, and Drawers:—Pongee Silk Shirts—Linen and Muslin Drawers.

July 15 2m

GREAT HUMOROUS SHEET.

THE PICTORIAL JOHN-DONKEY,
FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

The publishers of the JOHN-DONKEY, encouraged by the best amount of patronage bestowed upon their April Pictorial, have just issued a second sheet for the Fourth of July, of full size, which

INFINATELY SURPASSES

Anything of the kind ever before attempted. To give a complete list of the splendid illustrations in this sheet, would go beyond the ordinary compass of an advertisement. There are, however, ten unique and splendid engravings, designed by Darley, and engraved by Hinckley, each of which cover thirty-five square inches—with busts of smaller engravings—all the production of the same artists—making sixty engravings in all.

THE LEADING FEATURE

Of the Pictorial John-Donkey, is a magnificent design, drawn by F. O. C. Darley, and engraved by Hinckley, which covers a surface of nearly

TWO HUNDRED SQUARE INCHES,

And is, without doubt, the

LARGEST COMIC DESIGN

Ever engraved on wood in this country, and accessible to the public in no other way than through the pages of the Pictorial John-Donkey. The subject of the design is

EUROPEAN VOLCANOES,

Or the Recent Revolutions and Changes in Europe, in which the various Sovereigns and their countries are introduced in the most immitable manner. The engraving of this Sketch is a

MASTER PIECE OF ART.

In the other illustrations, the likenesses of almost every prominent political individual in the country is introduced. These illustrations are far superior to any thing of the kind ever produced here, as the name of the artists engaged gives ample guarantee.

THE LITERARY MATTER

Has been prepared by some of the

FIRST AMERICAN WRITERS.

Among this is a new burlesque Fairy Tale—

AHMED:

Or the Bird with the Red Head, Green Body and Sky-blue Tail.

And a complete humorous account of

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1848.

Profusely illustrated with engravings by Hinckley, after designs made by F. O. C. Darley.
Then we have a paper illustrated, on

THE PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION,

and the poem of

ROSALINE,

with twelve ludicrous silhouette designs.

The engravings in this sheet are of the most unique and extraordinary description. For an idea of their quality, and of the kind of reading matter given, the public is referred to the opinion of the whole press in regard to the John Donkey itself, of which this sheet is an extra. While it revels in humor, nothing has been admitted in its columns calculated to pain modesty or virtue, or to bring a blush to the cheek of the most fastidious. It has been made for the young and old—for every member of THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

TERMS.

For single copies, Six Cents.
Ten copies for Fifty Cents.
Twenty-three copies for One Dollar.
Subscribers, Clubs, Agents, and others, will address
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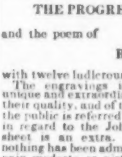

JACOB LADOMUS,

No. 246 MARKET street, below Eighth, first store, and LEWIS LADOMUS, No. 413 MARKET street, above Eleventh, north side, would respectfully invite all persons wishing to purchase any goods in our line to the following list of prices of Watches, &c., of our own importing.

Full Jewelled Gold Levers, 18 karat cases,	$35 to 50
Full Jewelled Gold Lepines,	27 to 30
Silver Levers, Full Jewelled,	17 to 20
Quartiers,	8 to 9

All the above prices are at least 10 per cent. lower than usually sold for the same quality article, and we defy competition to produce cheaper goods; all we ask is a call to convince persons of the above facts, at

L. LADOMUS,
413 Market street, Philadelphia.
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246 Market street, Philadelphia.
july 1 tf

LOOK AT THIS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

COME TO THE CHALYBEATE SPRINGS, Meriwether County, Georgia, (seven miles East of the Warm Springs, in the same county) and rest with JOHN D. CHAMBLESS, the present proprietor. If you can find better water, better fare, or cheaper board, in Georgia or Alabama, he wants you to do so—as he don't want any lady or gentleman to stay one day longer with him than they want to do. His table will be daily spread with the best of meats, wheat and corn bread; while your horses will be up to their eyes in corn, oats, and sweet-scented fodder.

july 1 JOHN D. CHAMBLESS.

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July 15 2m

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